

ARAM'S LIFE.

Remarkable Career of This Famous Murderer.

SCHOLAR AND A SCOUNDREL

Hero of Bulwer's Novel and Poem Was Really a Vile Criminal Who Abandoned Wife and Children and Knew No Remorse.

Artemus Aram, the scholar and murderer who inspired two of the masterpieces of English literature—Hood's "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" and Bulwer's novel—was hanged at the gallows on June 6, 1756.

He was born in 1704 in York. By the time he was fourteen he was regarded in the neighborhood as a prodigy of learning. His father, for piety and gentleness as a man, spread, and as a result he was sent to Knaresborough to open a school in 1724. There a strange development took place in Aram's character. He formed an association with a drinking, turbulent crowd of men, the opposite of himself, among them being a man named Clark, who kept a little coffee shop, and Richard Houseman, a dressmaker.

In 1745 Clark married a woman with a fortune of \$1,000. Immediately after his marriage he and his companions devised a plan to rob her and her friends. Aram was to obtain all the goods he could on credit and hand them over to the others, who were to deposit them in a safe place. Then after the plunder Clark was to deposit, leaving his wife to shift for herself, and the property was to be sold and divided among the three men.

Aram went about procuring a wide variety of articles on credit. He pretended he was about to give a great dinner and borrowed silverware, cards, saucers, spoons, etc., from his neighbors. As fast as the different articles were obtained, Aram, accompanied by Clark and Houseman, carried them to a place called St. Robert's cave.

When Clark had "borrowed" about everything valuable his acquaintances would lend, the plotters decided it was time for him to disappear. So in the early morning of Feb. 8, 1745, he, Aram and Houseman went to the cave to divide the spoils before Clark left. Aram and Clark had quarreled a good deal during the progress of predatory operations. At the entrance to the cave the quarrel was renewed, and Aram pushed Clark away and rained down tremendous blows on his head and chest. Clark fell dead.

Houseman, terrified at the sight and the sound of the blows, turned and ran away. Aram did not show a particle of remorse or fear. He gathered up the booty and carried it to his house, where he buried part of it in the garden. He buried Clark's body and heaped stones over the grave. In the afternoon he went for Houseman and threatened him if he disclosed the murder and made him believe he was equally guilty in law.

Clark's disappearance was not noticed for a day or two. Then the people from whom he had "borrowed" jewelry and plate began to make inquiries. Suspicion was directed to Aram in some way. The village authorities searched his house and found a bundle containing battered plate and clothing stained with blood. Notwithstanding this, no action seems to have been taken by the authorities, nor was it suspected that Clark had been murdered. The neighbors began to jeer at the learned schoolmaster, however, and Aram suddenly left his wife and children and walked to London.

For fourteen years his family heard nothing of him. He spent the greater part of the time wandering about from place to place, at last finding a situation as usher in a school at Lynn. In June, 1758, a horse dealer who had known him in Knaresborough met him in the Lynn market. Aram denied his identity. By a singular coincidence, almost the day the horse dealer accosted the now gray haired schoolteacher, a skeleton was found by some workmen digging a pit in Thistle hill, in Knaresborough.

A country town has a keen recollection of everything that has occurred to disturb it, and immediately the disappearance of Clark fourteen years before was remembered. Houseman still alive, got drunk first and then joined the crowd of villagers looking at the exhumed skeleton. "Clark," he said with drunken gravity, "was never buried here."

The latter, still too drunk to realize the gravity of his position, muttered that Clark's body would be found in St. Robert's cave. The crowd made a rush for that place, and soon a skeleton was exhumed.

"I did not kill him!" gasped Houseman, now thoroughly sober and terrified. "It was Aram. I had no part in it."

Houseman was taken to the village jail, and a warrant was sworn out for Aram. When the officers took him away from the school the pupils cried. The government used Houseman as a witness to convict Aram. The latter's

speech in his own defense has come down complete—a masterly attack on circumstantial evidence, showing the intellectual power of the man. Aram made a half confession the night before his execution, followed by an attempt at suicide. According to the custom of the time, his body was hanged in chains, and it swung in Knaresborough forest until 1778. Years later, when the details of his crime were dim, his remarkable career attracted Hood and Bulwer, and thus the obscure, talented, perverted man became a part of English literature.—Exchange.

An Opium Farm.

Not far from Macao, at the mouth of the Canton river, China, is an opium "farm." Standing in a courtyard is the great wooden building devoted to opium manufactures, and in its vestibules are heaps of brown balls, not unlike coconuts. Two coolies, seated, cut them open and remove the black, jamlike substance they contain—the compressed poppy. The outer covering is a thick layer of dried leaves. Inside the building the whole place is full of smoke, arising from a hundred charcoal fires in open earthenware "chattis," placed in a row around the walls. Over each fire rests a shallow brass pan in which bubbles a mixture of poppy and water. This mixture is strained through paper and passes on to be more carefully boiled in the next room, where the process is exactly similar. From there it goes to another room, where the sirup is reduced to the consistency of treacle over slow fires. In another building the opium is packed in tiny cans and placed in cages and sealed with the government seal.

A Banker's Generosity.

One day Humboldt was dining with Mendelssohn, the banker, and, an unusual thing for him, was very silent. His host, remarking it, observed to Humboldt that he was sure he must be ill.

"No," said Humboldt, "but I am in great trouble. Only ten minutes before leaving my apartment to come here I received from my landlord a note informing me that he had sold the house in which I reside and that I must move. The very thought drives me to despair. I really cannot bear to move again."

Mendelssohn gradually led Humboldt into conversation, during which he found time to write a note and receive an answer to it. He then took Humboldt aside and said: "By this note I learn that I am now the owner of the house in which you reside. The condition, however, upon which I have become its possessor is that you continue to occupy your apartment in it as long as you live."

Wanted a Bargain.

One day a small Cincinnati boy came to a halt before a sign over a desk in the office of the express company. It gave the rate for money orders, and after studying it for a few minutes he walked up to the cashier and said boldly:

"I want a money order."
"How large a one, my boy?" the clerk inquired benignantly.
"Well, let's see," pondered the little fellow. "The rate for a ten dollar order is 8 cents, isn't it?"
"Yes; that's right."
"Well, I want a drum and pair of roller skates and a new straw hat and some candy. Ten dollars will be enough."

Then he fished through his pockets and triumphantly placed a nickel and three coppers before the astonished clerk. It took ten minutes to convince the youngster that nothing less than \$10.08 could buy a money order for \$10.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Didn't Give Him a Chance.

"Say, ma," piped up little Johnny after the minister had finished his call and taken his departure, "when Mr. Meeker was here every time you stopped talkin' a minute he would start in to say somethin' an' git as fur every time as 'I dare say,' an' then you would start goin' ag'in an' talk a lot more, an' that is the way it kept on right along, an' the only thing he said all the time he was here was 'I dare say,' 'I dare say,' every few minutes."

"Well, what of it? I am not to blame for Mr. Meeker's paucity of ideas, am I?" demanded Johnny's mother, somewhat impatiently.

"I dunno 'bout that," said Johnny doubtfully, as if not exactly sure what was meant by paucity of ideas, "but anyhow, ma, you orter give him a chance. When he started in with 'I dare say,' why didn't you keep quiet just once, ma, an' let him go ahead an' say what he was goin' to an' hove it over with?"—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Dreamers.

There was never so much need for real dreamers as there is today. The business man, caring only for "his beef, his beer and his new is eternally," will laugh scornfully and want to know how his balance sheet would appear did he give way to dreaming, forgetting that his operations originated years ago in the wildest visions; also that happiness is not a necessary complement of a heavy cash box.—London Academy.

HIS TURN CAME.

The Way the Liquor Man Got Even With the Bank Teller.

Many years ago there lived in Rutland, Vt., two men who bore the same name, which name we will call W. O. Jones. One of these men was a dapper young bank teller; the other was engaged in running a cigar store with a saloon attachment in the rear. This was in the days of prohibition in Vermont. Every three or four weeks the latter Jones would be haled into the police court and fined for liquor selling, which was chronicled regularly in the daily papers. The bank teller grew nervous about it, and one morning this announcement appeared: "W. O. Jones, the popular young bank teller of the Rutland National bank, wishes it to be understood that he is in no way connected with the saloon keeper and hopes their names may not be confounded."

Now, it transpired that a few months afterward this young teller failed to appear one morning at his accustomed window at the bank. Upon a hasty examination it was found that \$15,000 or more of the funds of the bank had also disappeared. The wires were called into requisition immediately, and after a few days he was located in Denver. It was the old story. He was brought back, incarcerated, tried, etc.

It was now the saloon keeper's turn, and this notice was duly published in the same paper that issued the previous one: "W. O. Jones, the widely known business man of Merchants' row, wishes it to be understood that he is in no way connected with W. O. Jones, the defaulting bank teller now in jail, and hopes their names may not be confounded."—Exchange.

A Golden Wedding

Means that man and wife have lived to a good old age and consequently have kept healthy. The best way to keep healthy is to see that your liver does its duty 365 days out of 365. The only way to do this is to keep Ballard's Herbine in the house and take it whenever your liver gets inactive. 50 cents per bottle. Sold by W. M. Johnson.

Selfish Etiquette.

Some rules in an old book on etiquette seem to encourage a practice commonly called "looking out for No. 1." Here are two of them:

"When cake is passed do not finger each piece, but with a quick glance select the best."

Never refuse to taste of a dish because you are unfamiliar with it or you will lose the taste of many a delicacy while others profit by your abstinence, to your lasting regret.

ORDER ESTABLISHING NEW ELECTION DISTRICT.

At a regular meeting of the Board of County Commissioners of Alachua county, held on June 2, 1908, the following order was passed:

"Election Precinct No. 25—That there shall be made and established in Alachua county Election District No. 25, which election district shall comprise all that portion of Alachua county contained in the boundaries and area as follows, to-wit:

"Bounded on the West by Range line dividing 19 and 20; on the North by the half-mile Section line running due East and West through Sections 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6, Township 10, Range 20; on the East by Range line between Ranges 20 and 21; on the South by Township line running between and dividing Townships 10 and 11. The polling place in said district should be within the limits of the original survey of Gainesville, in said district."

Done and ordered in open session this June 2, 1908.

J. G. DAMPIER, Chn.
S. H. WIENGES, Clerk and Auditor.

ORDER ESTABLISHING NEW ELECTION DISTRICT.

At a regular meeting of the Board of County Commissioners of Alachua county, held on June 2, 1908, the following order was passed:

"Election Precinct No. 7—That there shall be made and established in Alachua county Election District No. 7, which election district shall comprise all that portion of Alachua county contained in the boundaries and area as follows:

"Bounded on the West by Range line dividing Ranges 19 and 20; on the North by a line dividing Townships 8 and 9, Range 20; on the East by line beginning at the northwest corner of Section 2, Township 9, Range 20, running due South to the southwest corner of Section 23, Township 9, Range 20, thence East to a point on the Range line between Ranges 20 and 21; thence South to the half-mile stake on East line of Section 1, Township 10, Range 20; on the South, beginning at the half-mile stake on the East line of Section 1, Township 10, Range 20, and running due West on the half-mile Section line through Sections 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6, Township 10, Range 20, to the Range line between 19 and 20. The polling place in said district shall be within the limits of the original survey of Gainesville, in said district."

Done and ordered in open session this June 2, 1908.

J. G. DAMPIER, Chn.
S. H. WIENGES, Clerk and Auditor.

DO YOU WANT TO MAKE OR LOSE MONEY

THIS SUMMER?

THERE is no good reason for any "summer dullness" in the stores of this city. That's a strong statement—but its not nearly so strong as the one to follow.

No store in this city ever suffered from summer dullness that was not directly traceable to its advertising policy—that was not INEVITABLE on account of its advertising policy. This is a strong statement—but not so strong as the one to follow.

You—if you who read this are a merchant in this city—HAVE THE ABSOLUTE POWER TO DECIDE WHETHER, during THIS summer, YOUR STORE SHALL LAG AND LOSE GROUND, through ENCOURAGING THE NON-BUYING HABIT IN THE PEOPLE—or shall keep as busy as in the so-called "busy seasons." You decide the matter one way or the other when you decide on how much or how little you will advertise during these summer months.

To really "gain ground" at a time when some stores are lagging and falling back is not only possible—it is an aspiration—worthy of a man who has the habit of accomplishing his purpose.

G. S. Merchant & Co.

Retailers and Jobbers in

Staple and Fancy Groceries

Grain, Garden Seed and Fertilizers

SOUTH SIDE SQUARE — GAINESVILLE, FLORIDA.

Highest market price paid for Chickens, Eggs and other Produce.

A Complete stock of Hay, Corn, Oats, Flour, Bran, Meal, Cotton Seed Meal and Rye. We handle only the Very Best goods at Lowest Prices, and guarantee satisfaction always.

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Calling at CHARLESTON, S. C., both ways.

The Finest Steamships in the Coastwise Service Clyde New England and Southern Lines

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Steamer "CITY OF JACKSONVILLE"

Is appointed to sail as follows: Leave JACKSONVILLE Sundays, Tuesdays and Thursdays, 8:00 p. m. Returning, leave SANFORD Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, 10:00 a. m.

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|------------------|-------------------|-------|-------------|
| Leave 2:30 p. m. | Jacksonville | Due | 5:00 a. m. |
| Leave 3:00 p. m. | Palatka | Leave | 10:00 p. m. |
| Leave 3:00 a. m. | Astor | Leave | 4:00 p. m. |
| Leave | Bereford (DeLand) | Leave | 1:00 p. m. |
| Due 5:00 a. m. | Sanford | Leave | 10:00 a. m. |
| Due 10:30 a. m. | Enterprise | Leave | 10:30 a. m. |

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